

rem minnifield, poss silent wome lives in continuous present  
thus demonstrations of 70s and

steve martin now      Driving the golf cart towards the first  
tee that nextmorning, Eddie, in slacks and windbreaker, embodies  
a visual

crescendo the color of butter. The sunny day itself is warming  
by the minute, but remains a few shades behind him.      His  
passenger masses in silkish, pearl-colored jumpsuit  
which captures and enfolds the light: giving the overall effect  
of a shimmering body of water, a lake of cloudy iridescence.  
White Stag had made it on special order for Billy-Billie  
and, as he directs the golf cart, Eddie pictures a cockeyed and  
toothless Hispanic woman with a moustache, holding the garment up  
to Latino and Negro awe religious...its light shimmering under  
the dingy florescence of the factory.      The going through the  
slippery grass proves slow what with  
both his right elbow and the steering wheel squinching though  
thetomachs of Billy-Billie, and on the slight incline heading to  
the first tee, the cart stops and refuses to inch forward. It  
slides diagonally back in green and golden dew, bit by bit  
downhill, Eddie's face pinched and Billy-Billie's a vast circle  
of blotches, gravely yellow. Eddie extracts from that small  
portion of the seat Billy-

Billie's bulk had allowed him. As that creature flows back into  
his space, he pretends he can fix the balky cart by thudding it  
with his fists in the vicinity of the batteries, but his huge  
companion knows he cannot--doubts over the flattish face like h  
ripples across a meadow. Eddie must, he finally announces, leave  
Billy-Billie and go back to the shed for another unit.      He  
has turned and is walking away when the cart tips to the  
right as a tire sinks and Billy-Billie pitches into the soaking  
grass, there to sort of turtle, rainbows skittering in the  
immense white suit.      The professional, though, will  
ultimately speed to the

rescue as that worker whips the bamboo pole on the green fronting  
of the famous gorge which seems to be darkly sucking the dew  
pitching forth from the bamboo. He now stops, gazing at them as  
puffing Eddie manages to right the monster by levering the body  
up against the sunken cart, burying his face and most of the rest  
of himself into the smothering yards of cloth, the grass scraped  
up by their feet looking like waves of sea foam. His heaving and  
panting contrasts to Billy-Billie's stoic,  
full-faced calm, and when he has the immensity vertical, he wipes  
the grass foam and cuttings pasting the round scarlet face with  
his windbreaker sleeve, deciding nothing can be done with the  
blotchy, football-sized grass stains on the fabric of the

jumpsuit. At that moment of decision, Billy-Billie starts inorexerablyleaning down on him with an "Ooooooppppsss," buckling Eddie's

knees. It takes reserve strength to get the extraordinary being again to the 6 o'clock position, Eddie rather like some undersized football lineman trying to make the team on pluck alone. Suddenly a song penetrates the just-budding cherry trees ahead where the grass crew is moving out among the dapples. Save

the last dance for me they sing, or rather yell. Billy-Billie notes the flashes of hatred in Eddie's eyes which ultimately melt into sympathy for this huge creature a few inches in front of him, just smiling into Eddie's bulging,robins-egg-blue eyes. "Everything collapses under me or I fall into things and break them," he is told with a whistful shrug.

"I'm used to it. Thank you--above and beyond what I'm paying."

"My job," Eddie manages to wrench out in, sweat-drenched.

Although against the club's rules, Eddie drives the cart to the back of the tee and helps Billy-Billie down, a process taking nearly a minute. Under fitful breaths he whispers, "Greens Committee gets me I'm cooked." "People find they can't

take me along with any rules,"Billy-Billie remarks. More laughter sweeps back to them, and

Billy-Billie lifts a sail like arm towards the grass crew."You'll notice, Mr. Eddie Tilson Crowley, PGA, that life's a fat joke." He can't immediately respond, for an expended condom stretches in the center of the tee and Eddie becomes transfixed at yet another filthy trick played, he feels, exclusively on him.

"I wonder if they made eighteen," breathes Billy-Billie.

swaying as the scarlet Eddie gingers it away with the wooden plunger from the old-fashioned ball washer. "Disgusting

pigs take over the world!" he sneers, on his

haunches and stabbing at the rubber. "College kids geting like niggers and rednecks and spicks and...Hunkagories!"--the last h word he coins on the moment for East Europeans, a category of which he had no direct experience but he frequently imagined, stinking and brooding in mines before beating each other senseless in cindery, ice strewn lots, then hunching bitterly alone, and frequently bleeding, in the dampish taverns of Pennsylvania. "Disgusting pigs!" Eddie Crumbs repeats,

envisioning, too,

the old man scraping his idiot wang against a tree years ago. He had been in a vague war with such persons for the past ten years or so. Those who used the golf course in perverted ways, as well as those depicted on TV on all fronts, both in the protests he had seen as a child and present situation comedies.

Eddie made no very fine distinctions as to genre or time. In fact, beer commercials, too, annoyed him with their license. "Sticking flowers in gun barrels," he mutters too low, he thinks, for Billy-Billie to hear, "and then shoving their own flowers to any bum comes along at night." "Flower shovers!" Billy-Billie very nearly dances, in fact does if no foot movement is required. What the grass crew, emerging from a vapory wood, sees now is the glowering Eddie with the lumbering, silky figure massed behind him. "It's a clock, and it's six o'clock, straight up and down!" one shouts as they pull apart to walk single file down the cartway of the second hole, a parade with each craning a neck backward. Once they're together on the tee, Eddie, pants "Let me introduce you to a metal wood." Billy-Billie blurts "That's an oxymoron." h "Taylor's name on it," states Eddie. A laughing Billy-Billie greatly appreciates his perception--to an overgiddy point, appearing much like a roiling body of gray white water at the beginning of a storm. Most of the rest of the ground crew has assembled on the second tee pretending to help each other with mechanical problems with lawn mowers, establishing a kind of bowing ritual with oil cans, and frequently squirting each other in purple streams. Several raucous crows drop near Eddie and Billy Billie, hectoring. Eddie wonders at them. Even they seem fatter. He checks his own belly under the buttery windbreaker...the same small, yet disgusting, bicycle tire of flab. What is it? Whole fuckin world getting fuckin fat? he thinks. Then it's back to the lesson: "Just let me see you try...hit...now don't try to kill nothing..." speaking in gasps, as if almost dead, "just a...nice easy swing..." Then a strange carry of voice from one of the grass crew "Fuck no! Knock the world off'n its spindle more like if that monster rosity thing connects with the ball." He demonstrates and falls to general laughter into which someone injects "Spindle, huh? You ought to sit down on it and let it slide clean up to your brain." Eddie hears and does not hear but his obvious superiority wanes as the huge Billy-Billie whiffs and tumbles off the tee into a gully of rocks and weeds and beercans. This time Eddie speeds to the rescue too quickly, down the slick incline past the flailing Billy-Billie, who inadvertently socks him in the testicles with the golf club. h When the men hear Eddie's roar one pronounces "Now that there's bull moose wants instant fuck!" The last word echoes from the gorge until even the bamboo man looks up to note the finally arrested Eddie, one trouser leg sunk to about half a yard in a marshy area covered with a skunk cabbage. The grass crew

is on the ground in laughing, scrabbling fits.-----

----- rem gorge

bamboo guy asconstnt among frenzies--sas if eahch greengold drop could be mesured and predicted/his prcse angle imp aS IF HE COULD ALWAYS HAVE A WEDGE TO SEE THROUGH DUE TO WAY HE SWEPT ETC!!!!!!!!!!!!!!HE COULD ALWAYS SEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!plane to teach al la gleson --his rich impers as minnifieldhis volks raBilly-Billieit but gets stuck and she stumbles inholes--tough to get back in rab shock absorbers on dartshe'll buy jeep andorder special reinforcedgolf cartl seemd tolost he techinque since last timee sighsRandy Pearl serving beer toHocko who tells of construcand plan of bujiding bototm of gorge too w cable car etc h adn they discuss old pervert --he's still down in there bangining it against a tree etc. Both men were destined to bethehistorical repository for the club's future flowering, laterin lifebeing awarded placques by the historical society of the county to join Minnifield and Indian Maid atthe same time another major player in Eddie's life, Byron Ortiz,the most promineten individual he was destined to meet.wavws from the tall platform of repub natl convention armaround vp and p --soaking armpits size of footballsthe secream hear woldwide on tvEddie ful of grandiose+coda(ITAL) coda intro of hispanic--also as sort of analog ofminnifield--white scaraf and tuxWith Eddie Crumbs at six! Eddie's remembered scene of the gun barrels is probably from the seventies butchronological history means nothing to him, all his knowledge h swimming into the present to contest unsuccessfully against whatever the newest wave in his backwater community. Billy-Billie, though,attemptingto catch some breath after dancing or whatever, is ascribing his hissinganger to a tepid or non-existent sex life.ome silly holidayishnessimplicit--watch out for chummy--crows abrooding --crew chases MDpresent tense--yes if somehow segued fm 1CITIESa mind in allthe mass of fat HEAT WAVE ver external chapter